THE OBSERVER.

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BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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For the Observer.

THE CAMELEON...No. I.

BY THOMAS FICKLE, ESQ.

In veste varietas sit.

I shall first explain the design of these Essays, and the assistance I expect during their progress. In publishing my speculations, I have adopted the *Cameleon* as a proper epithet to express my variability and the peculiar temperament of my mind, which varies with every breath of wind, and is chiefly regulated by the state of the atmosphere. Like the Cameleon my essays will be coloured by the various hues of nature, and made to suit the different dispositions of mankind. Should clouds skirt the horizon or the atmosphere forebode a war of elements, sympathizing with nature, I shall point out to dissipated youth the storms which threaten them from the tendency of their passions and the weakness of their pursuits, and caution them to seek an asylum ere these tempests arrive; on the contrary, should the genial influence of Sol be diffused thro' creation, my heart participating in the beatitude of the prospect, will rise on the wings of imagination, or entertain the fair with a dissertation on the fashions, or the description of some party, to which I may have the pleasure to be admitted. To afford variety, charming variety, the *douceur* of all pains, the pleasure we continually pursue, will ever be the object of Thomas Fickle.

" I'm the friend of joy and glee,
" And my name's variety."

The *dashing belle* must be pleased at least, with the title of these communications, which so well corresponds with the pursuits of her mind: the *prude* who cynically disputes the taste of the times and smiles at the levity of the age, may here search for something to gratify her spleen and indulge her sarcastic turn of mind, and the *domesticated fair* may glean, I hope, something to amuse and instruct. To the fair sex I desire chiefly to address

myself; candour shall be my land mark, and should I remark and endeavour to correct thier errors, it should not be imputed to malevolence, but rather to that principle of fondness towards them which has always been my characteristic. To paint as I feel, shall ever be my endeavour, and to do this, while I admire their loveliness and respect their persons, I may sometimes attempt to correct their follies. Most periodical writers have lavished sarcasms on the sex, and attempted to ridicule them in the eyes of the world; but as the companions of man, they require and deserve his support, and as the partners of his joys, he should respect and esteem their virtues. On topics of polite literature, I shall sometimes venture an opinion and amuse myself in forming metaphysical schemes to diversify my productions. But as my stock of observation might soon be exhausted, I have spoken to a select few of my acquaintance, who compose a private Club to further this undertaking, by assisting me with their lucubrations, and by imparting their sentiments under this title to the public. The Club originally met to promote sociality and enjoy the pleasure and benefit of colloquial intercourse. Conversation they have ever esteemed as the chief mean of improvement. The collision of arguments and reciprocation of ideas impart new sentiments to the actors and to the orator...conversation teaches perspicuity in method and subtilty in arranging the parts. He who possesses the exquisite art of pleasing in conversation, claims attention and deference to his opinions when expressed The student who toils daily, and pores incessantly over the pages of instruction, may congregate ideas, but if he circulate them not through the medium of conversation, they neither benefit himself nor others. He is an useless, insignificant drone: he may please himself in the secret contemplation of his abilities and enjoy in his mind the delectable accents of self-applause; but self-applause is a cold, solitary feeling, especially when the opposite is the prevailing opinion of the majority of mankind. Such are the sentiments which actuated the members in the institution of the Club. The Club is formed entirely of professional gentlemen of dissimilar characters and various sentiments. To delineate their respective merits shall now be my duty, and though I may fail in one particular respect, yet generally their characters shall be drawn with sincerity and candour.

Solid is the first I shall introduce to the acquaintance of my readers. Having had a liberal education, he cultivates with assiduity the polite arts, and possessing a refined taste, he enjoys the beauties of composition in a superior degree. Naturally of a heart too susceptible to female charms, he early repressed its influence by the efficient power of reason, and like the infant Hercules, strangled the serpent while yet in his cradle. The equability of his temper endears him to his acquaintance, and his strength

of judgment gives weight to his decision. Ever severe upon fopling youth...he is lenient to the misguided and inexperienced; he mildly censures the errors of the fair sex and ever pays tribute to their virtues and affections. He seldom mixes in the gay scenes of life, to which repeated invitations call him....for his inclination bends towards sedativeness and quiet. The moral virtues are continually his theme, and in the contemplation of happiness he forgets his own existence. In the social party he joins with willingness, as it affords him some recreation from the fatigues of study and reflection, and gives an acumen to these remarks which daily observation furnishes. For the steadiness he observes on all occasions, the Club have dubbed him their president, and given him full power over their conduct when assembled. Such is *Solid*..,such is the character I would wish to wield the sword of criticism against the dissolute manners and dissipated behaviour of the youth of Baltimore. But I fear much his diffidence to appear in print will prevent him from offering his lucubrations to the readers of the *Cameleon*, which all, who listen to his observations must sincerely lament. However, he has promised, and he is always tenacious of his word.

Candid is the next I shall describe...Nature has not lavished on him in vain, a warm and excursive imagination. His education has been perfected at one of the best seminaries of learning in America, and few have trodden the paths of literature with more success than he. *Candid* possesses a philanthropic heart and a strict regard for truth appears in his actions and conversation. He is remarkable for independence of sentiment and a frankness in expressing his opinion, mingled however, with such an amiability of manners, that his friends are most pleased when his candour compels him to differ with them in opinion... He is a great admirer of Dr. Johnson whom he has adopted as a model both in his conversation and writings. *Candid* has some peculiarities. Though gifted with an elegant person, he seldom mixes in the amusements of the city, and when he does, his extreme diffidence prevents him from displaying his superiority of mental attainments. He is also a little eccentric, but these peculiarities, like the shades of a portrait, heighten his other recommendations. When age shall have given him greater experience, society will perceive his merits and stand in need of his assistance; and I doubt not he will at some future period, be one of the brightest luminaries in this hemisphere.

Earnest now claims our attention. If native virtue, if real worth adds dignity to the character of man, he has just claim to it. *Earnest* is generous and grateful, his soul is susceptible of the sweetest emotions of friendship, and sensibility is one of his most pleasing qualities. A high sense of honour; a pure and elegant conversation bespeak the *gentleman* and the *scholar*. The cultivation of his natural talents has rendered him profound and

the correctness of his judgment is clearly evinced by his decisive opinions. In forming resolutions he is deliberate, but when once adopted, he is steady in the prosecution. I calculate greatly on his support on subjects of every nature.

Lively next presents himself, though last not least amiable in his manners and engaging in his address...he is peculiarly the favourite of the ladies. His company is made desirable, and his conversation agreeable, by the versatility of his imagination which amuses, and by the genuineness of his knowledge which nstructs ; an uncommon susceptibility of heart, is ever excited by beauty or merit in a lady, and he changes his favourite as often as a new face attracts his attention. He is frequently rallied on this score and always parries the thrust by descanting on the angelic virtues of his mistress. It is recorded in the annals of the Club as a memorable event that once in his life he was constant for three months ! ! Though much of his time is devoted to the fair, yet he refreshes continually the fountains of his knowledge, by the study of polite literature. The science of law is too bitter for the refined palate of *Lively*, and he often turns aside to indulge his taste in the sweets of Addison and Johnson. His disposition is remarkably lively and seldom damped by accident or misfortune. Sometimes, however, an unusual melancholy creeps over him, which can be ascribed, but to his susceptibility. *Lively* has promised to devote a few minutes occasionally to record his reflections, and submit them to the perusal of my readers. He has claimed the province of descanting on the fair, and many judicious and intelligent communications may be expected from his pen.

Thus having sketched the characters of the Club of which I have the honor to be a member, I shall reserve a further account for the next number. O.

For the Observer.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. ARS. POET.

Mixing together profit and delight.

(Concluded from p. 68.)

An intimate acquaintance with history will, I believe, be universally allowed to be indispensably necessary to every person who takes any part in political affairs, and the more especially so for ministers and others who hold high and responsible offices. In a country like ours, where power originates with the mass of the people, and where every individual has some influence on the selection of men to be put into office, it is eminently necessary that the minds of our citizens should be enlightened by a knowledge of history, which will contribute to

guide them to the best and least dangerous men. But independently of this consideration, the study of history should be assiduously encouraged and promoted under our government, as there are no bars to the attainment of the highest offices by those of the most humble stations, if they possess talents. An accurate and extensive knowledge of history, has an incalculable effect in expanding the mind and strengthening the judgment. We thereby acquire a facility in tracing the relations between effects and their causes, and obtain that degree of firmness tempered by flexibility which is necessary in our intercourse with the world. We learn the necessity of being really cautious of our own safety, when we have the appearance of confidence for the satisfaction of those with whom we are concerned. It teaches that riches by no means constitute greatness, as we shall often learn from it, that the most perfect models of human greatness and goodness have lived and died in poverty, while it will present us with many instances in which unbounded wealth has been connected with incalculable meanness. Some may perhaps be induced, by the numerous cases of genius and merit depressed and discouraged by poverty and obscurity, with which history will make them acquainted, to seek out and put into a more favourable soil these neglected germs of greatness which have been thrown by accident into situations in which they can never flourish, and where they must languish and die, unless discovered by some discriminating eye and cherished by some tender hand.

As an inducement to the ladies to read history, I may observe on the authority of Mr. Hume, " that the fair sex may learn in history that love is not the only, nor always the most governing principle in the hearts of men ; which from reading of novels, frequenting the theatre, and even the general turn of fashionable conversation they might otherwise imagine."...Mr. Hume was never married, perhaps he never loved.

There are few persons who do not find it necessary, occasionally to relax and to quit for some time, the occupations they consider the principal objects of their attention. The modes of amusement are infinite, some of them are vicious, others extravagant, contemptible or degrading ; it is therefore certainly a point of some consequence to discover a source of amusement, which is at the same time light, entertaining, instructive and of endless variety, to which character I consider history in its whole extent, to be fully entitled. Different writers have treated of different parts of history with various views, some of them have entered deeply into their subjects, and have given the most minute details, in which they have endeavoured to trace all effects up to their respective and most remote causes ; while others more inclined to entertain than to instruct thoroughly, have taken more superficial views of their subjects. Some historians have had principally as their object, the interests of reli-

gion; and another class have written as politicians, for the purpose of pointing out the errors of those who have preceded them, and of instructing those who succeed them. Some historians require steady and close attention to be fully understood and digested, while others may be read with the same ease as common romances, and there are histories which rank at every point between those two, which constitute an unbounded variety, from which every one may choose for himself.

I will mention one other advantage which results from an acquaintance with history generally. It extends the scope of, and gives dignity to conversation. Although it may appear strange and humiliating, that we should be obliged to take so much trouble to find proper topics to speak on, its is certainly nevertheless true, that with most persons, there is a paucity of appropriate and interesting subjects of conversation; in support of which assertion, I appeal to any one who has been accustomed to remark the tone and turn of conversation, even in companies composed of persons who are called intelligent. Sometimes we observe an awkward and embarrassing silence; at others one of the two or three subjects with which every body is supposed to be acquainted, for they have each been discussed several hundred times, in the presence of every individual, is introduced; it gives for an instant a languid animation to the company, which again soon sinks into a profound silence; this remains until the company forms itself into groups, each of which seems to amuse itself, unobserved by the others, with the tasteless inanity of its own conversation. I do not mean to propose that historical points should be formally discussed in company. But I contend that the mind which is polished and expanded by history, can never fail to draw abundant topics of conversation from such a store.

It has been well remarked by a very respectable writer, "that history has been justly called the witness of times, the torch of truth, the school of virtue, the depositary of events and, if it were allowable so to speak, the faithful minister of antiquity. In fact it opens to us the vast career of all passed ages; it in some degree brings them back to us, and makes them as the present. It sets before us, conquerors, heroes, princes and all great men, (but stripped of the proud trappings which belonged to them during their lives and deprived of all extrinsic advantages) to give an account of their actions at the bar of posterity, and there to be subject to a decision in which flattery has no part, as they no longer possess any power."

History has the privilege likewise of approaching the thrones of reigning princes, and it is almost only which is able or dares to let them know the truth, and to shew them even their own faults (if they have any) but under other names to spare

their delicacy, and to make the advice useful to them by avoiding to displease them. It is not less calculated to instruct individuals. It points out to all of whatever age and of whatever condition they may be, both models of virtue which they ought to imitate and vicious examples which they ought to avoid IWAN.

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 59.)

Marmontel came to Paris because M. Orri had promised to provide for him; and the first thing he hears on his arrival is, that M. Orri is himself in disgrace, and can no longer provide for any body. By the advice of Voltaire he now sits about writing a tragedy, and is almost starved while it is preparing. During a part of this time he lives with a profligate *literateur* of the name of Beauvin and his mistress, and at the same time frequents the society of Voltaire and his pupils, and is introduced into the circle of Madame Harenc. After his piece is finished, he is exceedingly disturbed by a quarrel between the two female actresses for the chief character: at last it is assigned to the young Madlle. Clairon, and Dionysius the tyrant is represented with great applause in 1748. The author immediately comes to be in the greatest request in all the fashionable circles of Paris and Versailles; and, after enjoying the glare of this tumultuous popularity for a few months, he forms a connexion with a beautiful Madlle. Navarre, a cast-off mistress of Marshal Saxe, and goes to spend some idle and dissipated months with her at a chateau of the Marshal in Champagne. On his return, he soon learns that his mistress has given him a successor, and, by and by, she comes into his chamber with her new lover, a Chevalier de Mirabeau, who is foolish enough afterwards to marry her, and take her away with him to Italy. The virtuous Abbé, however, finds it impossible to live without a mistress, and upon a statement of his case, the celebrated Madlle. Clairon consents to accommodate him;...they live together for some time in great harmony;...but the heroine soon languishes for variety, and tells him coolly, one afternoon, that she is going to leave him a while for a new lover. When this fantasy is gratified, she is willing to come back; but the offended poet will have nothing more to to say to her as a mistress; though she continued, he assures us, to be his most intimate and respected friend to the latest hour of her life.

In the midst of this heartless and debasing profligacy, an incident occurs which might have roused a more generous spirit from its dream of sensuality. Madlle. B. the innocent girl with whom he had exchanged his youthful vows, and who had seen

with silent grief and astonishment, that clerical habit which pledged him to celibacy, finding that he had renounced all views of ecclesiastical preferment, and was living the life of a layman in Paris, sends him a message by one of his townsmen, reminding him of the promise he had exacted from her, not to marry without the consent of his mother, and informing him that a proposal having now been made to her, of which her parents approved, she had thought herself bound to consult him on the occasion. This communication, he confesses, gave him some emotion ; but he applauds himself much for replying to it, that the lot he could propose to her with him is too full of hazard and uncertainty to be worthy of her acceptance, and that he can only envy the person who is enabled to offer her a more secure felicity. He then goes back to his rehearsals with great exultation and self-complacency.

After Dionysius, he produced Aristhomenes, and with equal applause : and being again in want of a mistress, he is fortunate enough to supply himself a second time with an article of that sort from the seraglio of Marshal Saxe. This is a Madlle. Verriere, with whom he began with teaching to recite, and afterwards seduced. The Marshal was offended, it seems, with this intrigue ; and Marmontel, who, who seems to have been by no means so remarkable for courage as for gallantry, declares, that he never stole to her house without trembling. At last, the Prince de Turenne proposes to take her off his hands ; and the poet, with some tragical grimace, assents, and he never sees her again. After this, he goes to live with M. De Popliniere, a rich financier, who had been forced to marry his mistress in order to retain his place, and who kept open house at Passy for players, artists, ambassadors, and all sorts of idle people. His life here was not very regular ; but he was introduced to a very brilliant society, and came to live a good deal with D'Alembart, Diderot, Grimm, Rosseau, &c. By flattering the king in occasional verses he gained the favour of Madame de Pompadour ; and when another of his forgotten tragedies was represented without success, (owing as he alledges, to the chief actress having got tipsey during the representation), the favourite procures for him an appointment of *Secretaire des Batimens,* under her brother M. De Marigny.

This was about 1750; and, for eight years after, he continued in this office, and seems to have lived a gay, idle life about court. In this interval, however, he provided for the husband of his sister, and seems to have had influence enough to procure the patent of the *Mercure de France* for M. Boissy. Upon the application of this person for some contributions to this journal, it first occurred to him to try his hand at a moral tale ; and he produced Alcibiades, and afterwards Solyman II., the Scruple, and several others. Those pieces were much and deservedly

admired ; and, upon the death of Boissy in 1758, the interest of Madame de Pampadour obtained the *Mercure* for the author who had contributed so essentially to support it.

This journal he seems to have conducted with great judgment and ability. The remainder of his tales were written for it ; and he appears to have shewn considerable powers of discrimination in pointing out, through that medium, the merit of rising talents. It was here that De Lille and Thomas were first introduced to the favour of the public. A little incident soon occurred, however, which figures in his luxurious and easy life as a terrible and tragical adventure. A brother poet of the name of Curry had written some satirical verses on the Duc D'Aumont, and had read them twice over to Marmontel. He was indiscreet enough to repeat them afterwards in society, and was denounced by the Duke as their author. As he refused to betray his friend, he was sent to the Bastile, where he was treated with every sort of attention, and dismissed after a confinement of eleven days, during which he was sumptuously entertained, and indulged with books and all the implements of study. The Mercure, however, was not restored to him ; but he was indemnified by a pension of 1251. After this, he takes a journey over a considerable part of France, and pays a visit to Voltaire at Ferney ; and soon after is received a member of the French Academy in 1763.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————"

Ordinary beings are produced in abundance, while geniuses, on the other hand, appear but seldom ; nature, liberal, but not profuse of her favours, regulates her conduct by general laws, and is never prodigal of her prodigies. As it is a happy union of extraordinry qualifications that creates eminence, great men are consequently rare, and like comets, appear but once in a century. On these occasions they, of course, excite the wonder and admiration of their contemporaries ; but while they merely dazzle vulgar minds by their splendour, those of a superior cast view them with a philosophical eye, and are aware that in the political as in the physical world, luminous bodies, however resplendant they may seem, are to be valued according to the measure of their *utility* alone.

In respect to the specific merits of a statesman, posterity, perhaps, can only decide with due impartiality. In a free country like our own, the opinions of a large portion of the community are liable to be warped by party zeal, and the merits, as well as demerits of the various candidates for public favour are not always estimated by a correct standard. Yet when death closes the awful scene, envy is disarmed of half her malignity, and "the cold dull voice" of praise is then but seldom exerted in behalf of unworthy objects.

In treating of the celebrated subject of this memoir, we shall endeavour to steer a middle course, between the two extremes, and after exhibiting a candid sketch of the life of the great orator, whom we have just lost, a feeble attempt will be made to pourtray his character, perhaps both friends and enemies may disavow the likeness; but notwithstanding this, the artist has, at least the satisfaction to reflect, that he has endeavoured to manage his pencil with fidelity, if not with talent.

The family of Fox was originally seated in Wiltshire, and William Fox, of Farley, in that county, is the first of whom any mention has been made. His youngest son, Sir Stephen, appears to have resided abroad during the exile of the Stuart family; and when the restoration took place, his merits and services were not overlooked. He attained the honour of knighthood, then not so lavishly bestowed as at present, and became, in succession, a clerk of the green cloth, a lord of the treasury, &c. but the most remarkable incident of his life, perhaps, is the circumstance of his becoming a farther when almost an octogenarian; for at this late period he married a second time, and was not only the founder of his own fortune, but also of two noble houses...those of Ilchester and Holland. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that Chelsea Hospital, that noble and munificent asylum for our soldiers, is chiefly indebted to him for its existence.

Such was the grandfather of the subject of this memoir. Henry Fox, his father, embarked at an early period of life in the ocean of politics, and made prizes of some of the best offices in the gift of the crown. He was secretary at war, secretary of state, and then paymaster general of the forces, the last of which employments rendered him obnoxious to censure; for being unpopular on account of his parliamentary conduct, which was of a high *Tory* complexion, the city of London was pleased to term him, in one of its addresses, "the defaulter of unaccounted millions." He is allowed, however, to have been a man of great talents and eloquence, and it is but justice to observe, that the immense emoluments which he derived from his situation, being on one hand restricted by no positive law, and, on the other,

countenanced by uniform custom, were generally considered as the fair and regular perquisites of office.*

Charles James Fox, the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland† by Georgina, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Richmond, was born on the 13th January, O. S. in the year 1748. From his birth he was the darling of his father, and the family having just lost his elder brother Henry, he, of course, experienced much indulgence. Indeed, this partiality was carried to a great, and perhaps an unpardonable length ; for nothing was refused to him, and all the servants of the family were at length accustomed to pay the most obsequious obedience to his commands, however whimsical or capricious.

Notwithstanding this, his education was not neglected ; and as Montaigne's father was particularly anxious that he should be instructed in the *dead* languages at an early period of his life, so it was the wish of Lord Holland (for he had obtained a peerage soon after the accession of his present Majesty) that his son should be instructed at one and the same time in two *living ones* : he was accordingly taught French from his cradle, and spoke it while a boy with still greater fluency than English.

(To be continued.)

AFRICAN RESOLUTION AND EUROPEAN INFAMY.

A TRUE STORY .

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" The greatest proof of courage we can give,
" Is then to die when we have pow'r to live."

SIR R. HOWARD.

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Senor D. was a wealthy planter in the district of the mines, and among his numerous slaves was one named Hanno, who had been born on the estate, and whose ingenuity had increased his value much beyond that of his fellows. Scarce had Hanno arrived at that age when every zephyr see ms the sigh of love,

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* Henry Fox, lord Holland, like his son Charles, cultivated the muses, and we have seen " Verses to a lady with an artificial rose," which do him great credit.—The following is the first stanza :

Fair copy of the fairest flower,
Thy colours equal nature's pow'r ;
Thou hast the rose's blushing hue,
Art full as pleasing to the view :
Go thou to Cloe's lovely breast,
Whose sweetness can give all the rest," &c. &c.

† Lady Georgina Carolina Fox was created baroness of Holland, in 1762 and her husband baron Holland, of Foxley, in the county of Wilts, April 16, 1763

ere his fondest wishes centered on Zelida, a young female of his own age, and a slave to the same master. In her his partial eye perceived all that was beautiful in person, or amiable in mind: the passion was mutual, it had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength; but Hanno, though a slave, possessed the feelings of a man, and his generous soul revolted at the idea of entailing that slavery upon his children, which was the only birth-right he inherited from his fathers. His mind was energetic and his resolutions immutable: while he fulfilled his daily task, and was distinguished for his diligence and fidelity, he was enabled by extra labour and the utmost frugality, to lay by something without defrauding his master of his time; and, at the end of seven years, his savings amounted to the estimated value of a female slave. Time had not altered his passion for Zelida, and they were united by the simple and unartificial bonds of mutual love. The absence of Senor D. two years prevented the accomplishment of Hanno's first wishes, the purchase of Zelida's freedom; and in that time she had presented him with a boy and a girl. Though slaves from their birth, Hanno was not chagrined, for he had now added to his hoard a sufficient sum to purchase their liberty likewise.... On the return of Senor D. Hanno anxiously demanded a compliance with the law; but well aware of his master's sordid avarice, cautiously affirmed, that a kind friend was to advance him the money. Senor D. agreed to receive the price, and a day was fixed to execute the deeds before a magistrate. On that day, Hanno fled upon the wings of hope to his master's house, while it may be supposed the most heartfelt joy animated his bosom, on the prospect of giving immediate liberty to those his soul doated on. He tendered the gold...it was seized as the stolen property of Senor D. and Hanno being unable to bring forward the supposed lender, was condemned; and the cruelty of his master was exhausted in superintending his punishment.... Still bleeding from the scourge, he returned to his hut, which, though the residence of slavery, had till now been cheered by the benign influence of love and hope. He found his wife suckling her infant daughter, while his son, yet unable to walk, was amusing her with his playful gambols upon the bare earth. Without answering Zelida's anxious enquiries, he thus addressed her..." To procure your liberty, more dear to me than my own, I have since the moment of our acquaintance, deprived myself of every comfort my state of bondage allows; for that purpose I have laboured during those permitted hours of relaxation which my fellows have employed in amusement; I have curtailed my scanty meal of cassada; I have sold my morsel of tobacco; and I have gone naked amidst the burning heats of summer and the pinching colds of winter; I have accomplished the object of my cares and my deprivations, and this morning I

tendered to your owner the price of your liberty and that of your children; but when the deed was to be ratified before the magistrate he seized it as his own, and, accusing me of robbery, inflicted the punishment of a crime my soul detests. My efforts to procure your liberty are abortive; the fruits of my industry, like the labours of the silk-worm, are gone to feed the luxury of our tyrant; the blossoms of hope are forever blighted, and the wretched Hanno's cup of misery is full. Yet away, a sure but dreadful way, remains to free you, my wife, from the scourge of tyranny, or the violation of lust; and to rescue you, my children, from the hands of an unfeeling monster, and from a life of unceasing wretchedness." Then seizing a knife, he plunged it into the bosom of his wife; and, while reeking with her blood, buried it in the heart of his children. When seized and interrogated, he answered, with a manly tone of firmness, "I killed my wife and children to shorten a miserable existence in bondage, but I spared my own life to shew my brutal tyrant how easy it is to escape from his power, and how little the soul of a negro fears death or torments. I expect to suffer the utmost tortures that your cruelty can devise; but pain I despise thus," staking his arm on an iron spike, and tearing it through the flesh, "and death I desire, that I may rejoin my wife and children, who have, ere this, a habitation prepared for me in the land of our forefathers, where no cruel white man is permitted to enter." Even the proud apathy of the Portuguese was roused by this appeal to their feelings, the slave was pardoned, and granted his freedom; Senor D. was severely fined; and the unworthy magistrate, who seconded his villany, degraded from his office.

VARIETY.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee,
Mirth and youthful jollity.

A LEXICOGRAPHICAL BLUNDER.

When Dr. Adam Littleton was compiling his Latin Dictionary, and announced the verb *concurro* to his amanuensis, the scribe imagining that, from an affinity of sound, the six first letters would give the translation of the word, said, "*Concur*, I suppose, Sir;" to which the doctor replied, peevishly, "*Concur! condog!*" The secretary, whose business it was to write what his master dictated, accordingly did his duty, and the word *condog* was inserted, and was actually printed as one interpretation of "*concurro*" in the first edition, 1678, (to be seen in the British Museum) though it has been expunged, and does not appear in subsequent editions.

SHENSTONE, the Poet, divided the readers of a Newspaper into the following general classes...the ill natured man looks to *the list of Bankrupts*...the tradesman, to the *price of bread*... the stock-jobber, to the *lie of the day*...the old maid to *marriages*...the prodigal son, to *deaths*...the monopolist,to *the hopes of a wet harvest*...and the boarding school miss, to every article that relates to *Gretna Green.*

LITERAL COPY OF A LETTER FROM A FLUTE PLAYER TO A FIDLER.

"Dear Tom, I have often played *time* at the *overture* of your *resting* board, but was told you had got into your *country airs.* I wish we could meet and *wet our whistles* together, and I am sure notwithstanding our trifling *discords,* we should agree to a *hair.*

The too well known Santerre the brewer, who commanded the troops at the execution of Louis the XVI. has his house and property in a state of confiscation at present to be sold for the benefit of his creditors.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have many acknowledgments to offer for several valuable communications with which we have been favoured.

The observations on the encouragement of the Fine Arts in America, which will be continued and will necessarily embrace the subject of Architecture, are certainly calculated to do much good.

As our flourishing city encreases in opulence, and our public bodies, as well as private citizens are daily erecting costly buildings, it is of importance, to awaken taste, and prompt those engaged in their superintendance to seek for information, in order that our stately edifices may not shock the eye of science, and remain lasting monuments of self sufficiency and barbarism... we shal refuse no judicious reflections on these topics, however caustic they may be, convinced that our sensible readers will welcome instruction though in the garb of severity.

Aimez qu'on vous corrige et non pas qu'on vous loue,*

says Boileau.

The essay on history contains much excellent matter ; we should apologise to our friend *Iwan* for having been compelled to separate it into so many divisions...but our system must generally be, to be

"Every thing by turns and nothing long."

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* Prefer those who point out your errors, to those who flatter your defects.

To our political correspondent we are highly indebted. He has enabled us to furnish an interesting series of facts, which we could not have derived from any other source, and which are important in the history of the day...All political communications written well and with temper, will be cordially received... Beatrice Ironside pretends to no party...She has never so much attended to the subject of politics as to entitle her to an opinion, and she has not forgotten the advice of Appelles to the cobler... *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.**

We received a political communication, in a moment of extreme occupation, when we had not time to consider it, and have since unfortunately mislaid it. We shall make every exertion to recover it, and hope, in the mean time, the author will accept our apologies for the inattention.

Our poetical correspondent Jaques, we hope will renew his favours.

A writer in the Companion under the signature of Judith O'Donnelly, sent us once the most delightful lines we have met with in modern poetry. They breathed the very spirit of genuine poesy. Could we but induce him to waken his lyre once more, and favour us with his effusions, we could promise our readers a delicious repast.

And last, though not least, we offer our thanks to Frederick, for his frequent and charming communications. Whatever signature he may adopt, we recognise and welcome our favourite poet. We invite him to the cultivation of his talents, and shall receive every added proof of his genius with new pleasure.

We have received a number of communications to the perusal of which we have not very complaisantly bestowed our time... A *Leo* writes to us, whom but for his signature, we should have supposed much nearer allied to a certain animal of another species, that shall be nameless...and a Fairfax has sent us two or three pages that must be the production of some moon-struck brain...We beg this gentleman henceforth to address us only in his lucid intervals.

Already our postage expences have been considerable, from bulky communications from several distant places, which have immediately found their way from our fingers to the fire...We beg our distant correspondents to remember, that such fuel is very expensive, and although we would readily and cheerfully pay postage for valuable pieces, we cannot agree to purchase nonsense at so high a price.

We entreat therefore for the future, that all communications may be *post paid*.

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* The cobler should not go beyond his last.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Obserer.

SONG.

Where, Lysander, art thou straying?
At our wonted place of meeting,
All the day have I been staying,
Much I wish to hear thy greeting!

Through the vale, and o'er the mountain,
Long I've wandered in despair,
Long I've sought by stream and fountain,
But, alas! thou art not there!

Gentle sylphs! through æther gliding,
Tell a maid who fondly loves,
Whisper where Lysander's hiding,
O! conduct me where he roves!

Bear my sighs, ye gentle Zephyrs!
Bear them to the wanderers ear,
Tell the youth in softest whispers,
'Tis Olenia, waits him here:

Tell him, how with grief I languish,
Ask him why from me he flies?—
Bid him haste to heal my anguish,
Say, for him, Olenia dies! PHILARIO.

For the Observer.

TO A LADY,

Who requested a description of LOVE.

"What is Love?" you ask, fair creature!
Mark the notes of every sigh,
Mark the glow of every feature,
Mark the mad'ning melting eye.

Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy,
As the youth beside thee sits,
Views thy smiles, now pleas'd, now crazy,
Calm by turns, and wild by fits.

Ask the voice that sweetly falters,
Ask the ardent thrilling squeeze,
Ask the countenance that alters,
Smiles that melt and frowns that freeze.

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.

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